

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

FEBRUARY
No. 16

COMICS

BLACKHAWK
VS
THE FOX

10¢





WEB COMIC
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HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



1



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



Big, tough and streamlined in design, it's the Army's newest "Giant Death." Its symbol is

3



Valiant to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedoes today afloat. Their symbol is

4



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

U.S. NAVY
U.S. ARMY
U.S. AIR FORCE
U.S. MARINE CORPS
U.S. COAST GUARD
U.S. NAVY

5



The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

BLACKHAWK



HAUPT...THE FOX! THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE AXIS ARMIES! BRILLIANT AND BESTIAL! CRUEL AND CUNNING! HATED BY THE WORLD... FEARED BY HIS OWN FUEHRER!! AGAINST THIS MAN THE ALLIED ARMIES ARE HELPLESS! THEIR BEST GENERALS ADMIT DEFEAT! OVER THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, HAUPT DRIVES THE ALLIES BACK TO INEVITABLE DOOM... VICTORIOUS, HIS ARMIES PRESS ON... ON OVER THE BONES OF VANQUISHED ENEMIES! ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS CAN STOP HIM! THEY ALONE CAN ROLL BACK THE TIDE THAT THREATENS TO ENGULF THE WHOLE EASTERN WORLD! BUT THEY MUST PAY THE HEAVIEST PRICE OF THEIR GLORIOUS CAREERS... THEY MUST DIE... SO THAT A FREE WORLD MAY SURVIVE!.. AND THE BLACKHAWKS CHOOSE TO DIE!!!

IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL HANS HAUPT, COMMANDER OF GERMANY'S EASTERN ARMIES...

BUT THE FUEHRER HAS ORDERED US NOT TO ATTACK!

HERE IN DER DESERT THERE IS NO FUEHRER BUT ME! WE ATTACK AT DAWN!



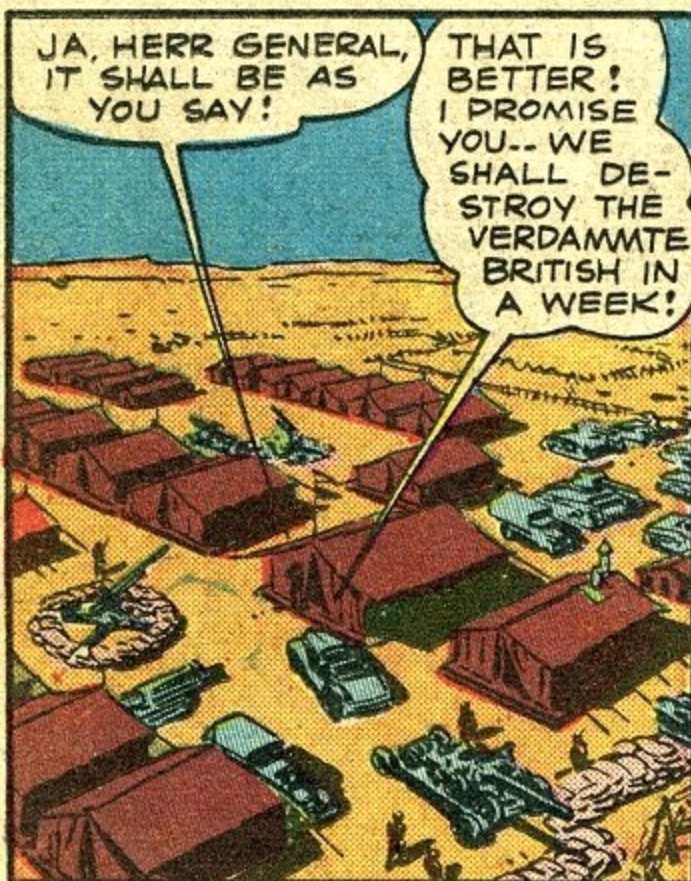
THE FUEHRER WILL BE ANGRY!...HE WILL SHOOT US!

DUMKOPF! I WILL SHOOT YOU MYSELF IF YOU DO NOT OBEY MY ORDERS!!



JA, HERR GENERAL, IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY!

THAT IS BETTER! I PROMISE YOU... WE SHALL DESTROY THE VERDAMMTE BRITISH IN A WEEK!



ALONE...HAUPT MAKES A STARTLING PROPHECY!!

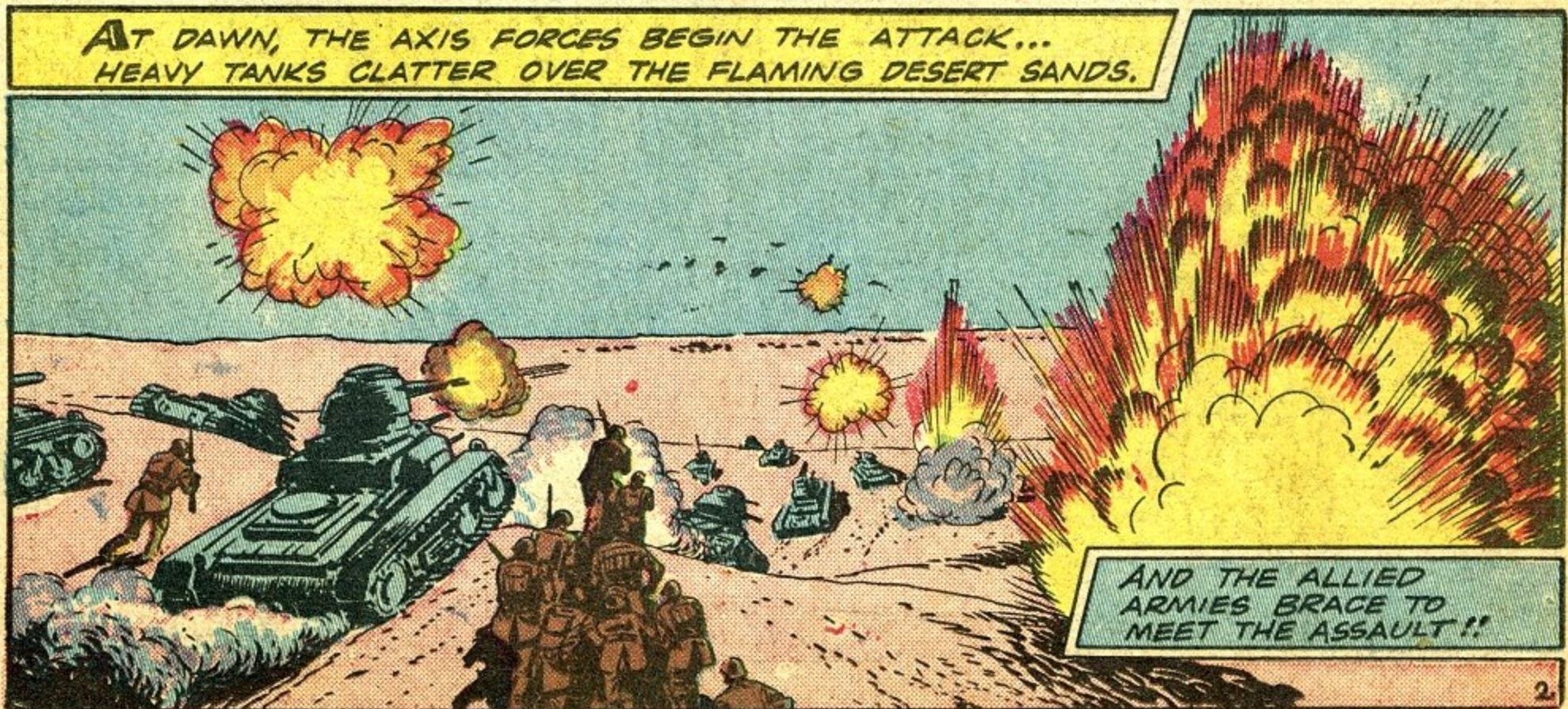
ALL THE DESERT SHALL BE MINE...MINE!... AND THE FUEHRER...THAT FOOL WITH HIS MEDALS AND HIS MOUSTACHE! HE SHALL NOT STAND IN MY WAY!



SOON I WILL BE SOLE MASTER OF EUROPE! THAT IS MY DESTINY! I, HANS HAUPT, SHALL BE THE NEW FUEHRER!



AT DAWN, THE AXIS FORCES BEGIN THE ATTACK... HEAVY TANKS CLATTER OVER THE FLAMING DESERT SANDS.



AND THE ALLIED ARMIES BRACE TO MEET THE ASSAULT!!

TOWARD LATE AFTERNOON, A LONE SOLDIER STAGGERS WEARILY TOWARD ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



FIFTY TANKS...THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH OUR LINES NEAR THE DALWHI OASIS!

GREAT HEAVENS! HAUPT OUT-FLANKED US!

OUR MEN WILL BE CUT TO RIBBONS!



WE MUST SEND PLANES AT ONCE...

THERE AREN'T ANY PLANES! WE SENT THEM OUT TO MEET HAUPT'S ATTACK ON THE NORTH!

THEN THE DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS SOUND CLEAR AND SHARP AGAINST THE DESERT SKY..

YOU HEAR THAT?

BY JOVE! I'D KNOW THAT SOUND ANYWHERE!



WE'RE LOST! NO ONE CAN SAVE US NOW!



OVER LAND..
OVER SEA..
WE FIGHT TO
MAKE MEN
FREE!!

IT'S THE BLACKHAWKS!



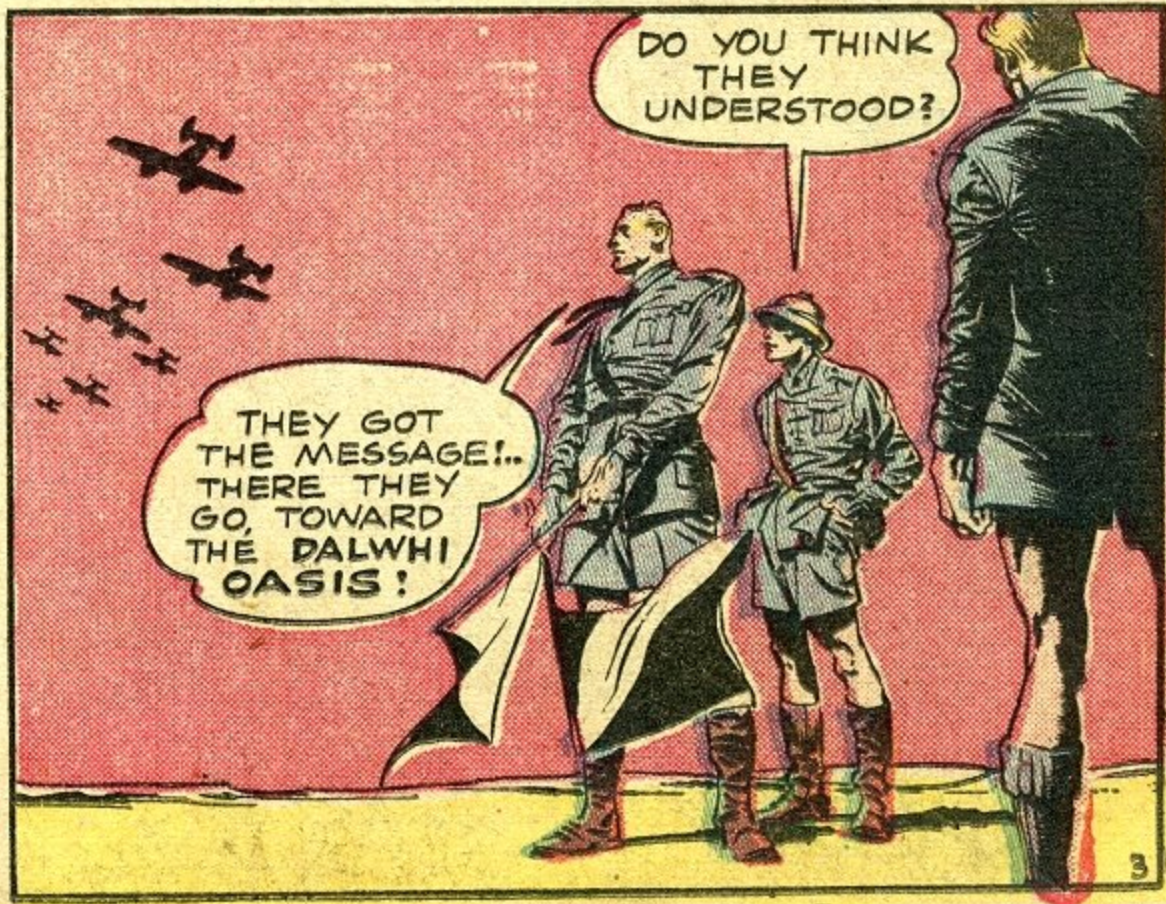
IT IS THE BLACKHAWKS... FAR FAMED ADVENTURERS... THE BLACK KNIGHTS OF THE AIR HAVE FLOWN TO JOIN THE FIGHTING...

STAND BY! SOMEONE'S SIGNALING US!

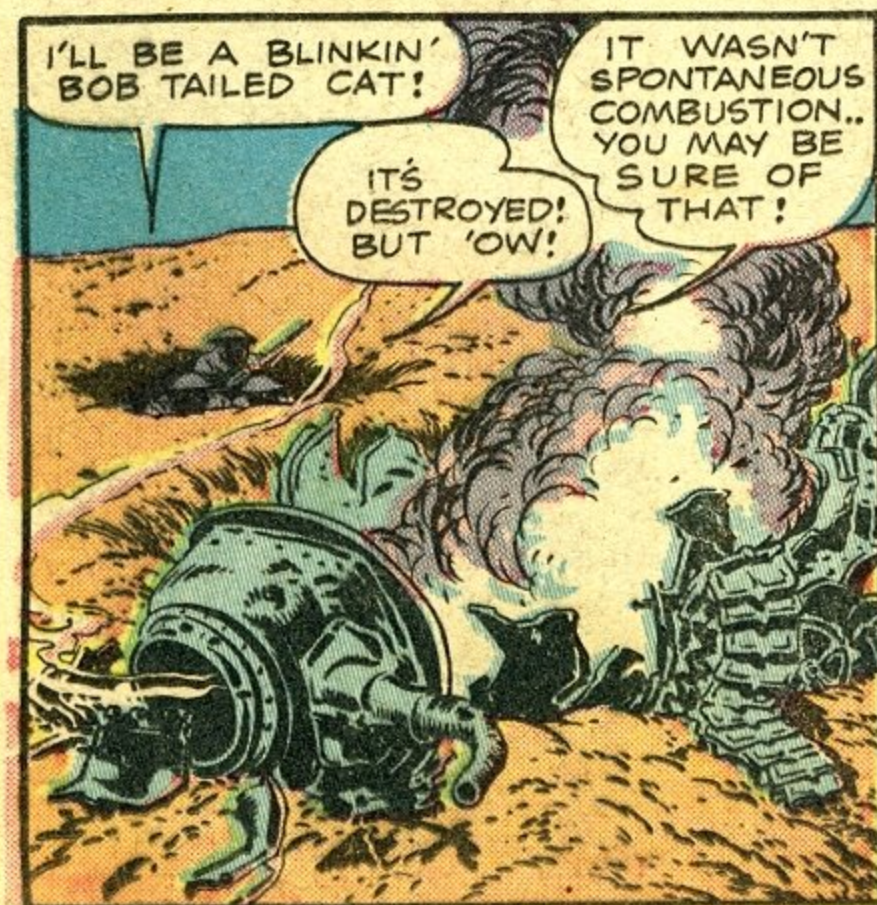
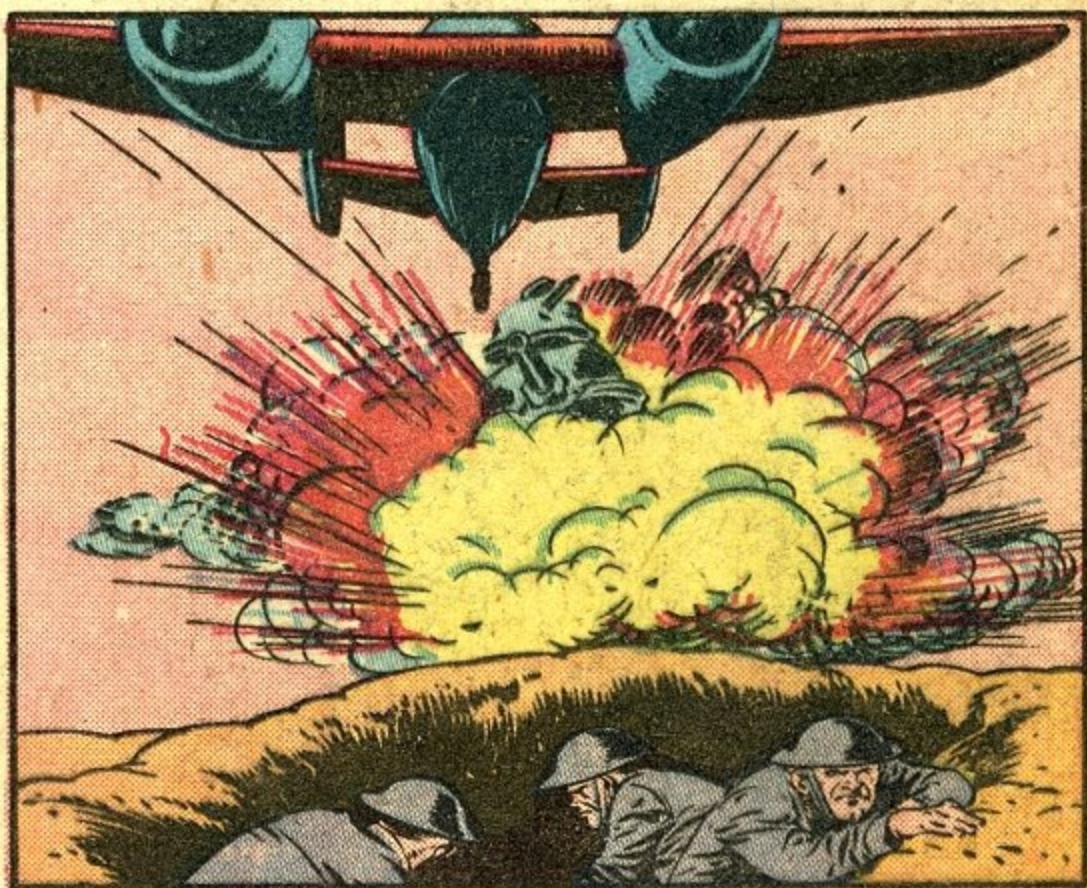


DO YOU THINK THEY UNDERSTOOD?

THEY GOT THE MESSAGE!.. THERE THEY GO, TOWARD THE DALWHI OASIS!



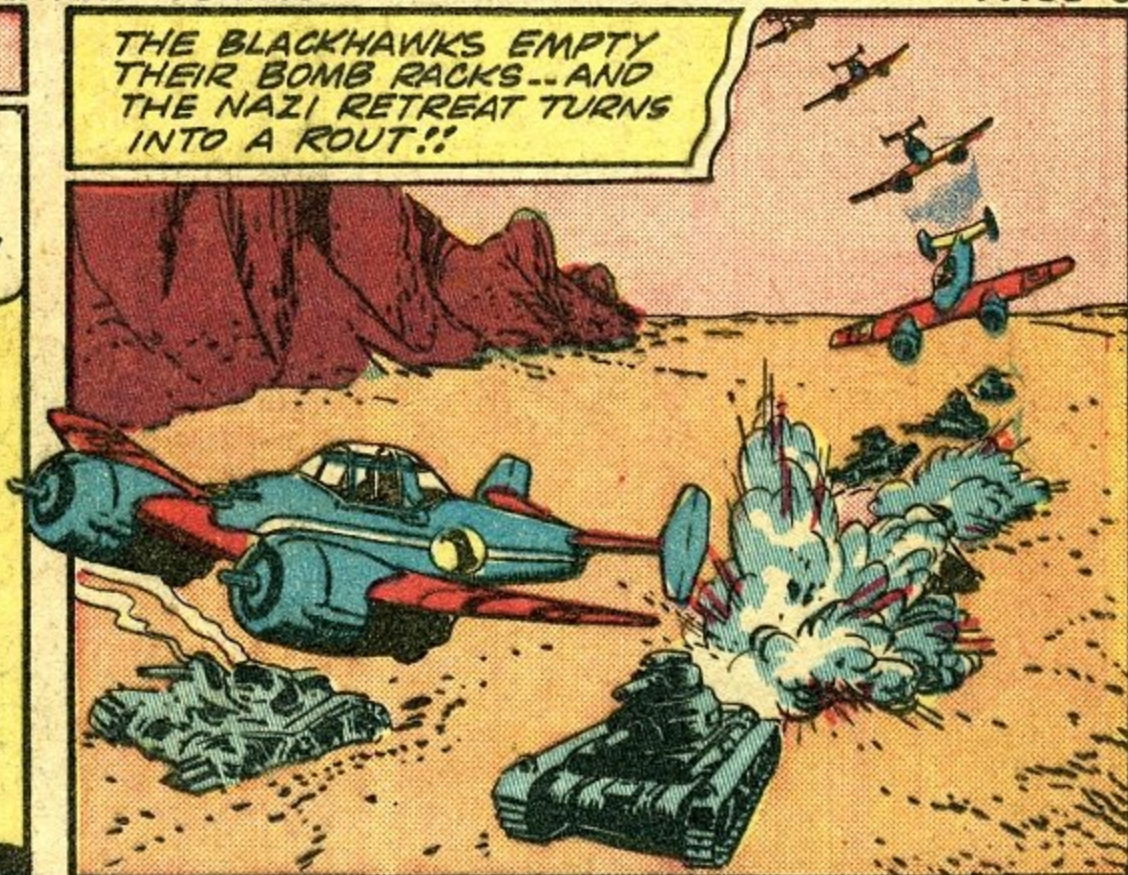
SOON THE FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE APPEARS BENEATH THE BLACKHAWKS... AND THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS EBBING FOR THE VALIANT ALLIED TROOPS...



HEARTENED, THE BRAVE DEFENDERS
COUNTER-ATTACK!



THE BLACKHAWKS EMPTY
THEIR BOMB RACKS...AND
THE NAZI RETREAT TURNS
INTO A ROUT!!



THANKS, BLACKHAWKS!
MAYBE WE CAN DO
THE SAME FOR YOU
SOMETIME!



AT GENERAL HAUPT'S
HEADQUARTERS...

DER TEUFEL!
MY STUPID
OFFICERS
DID NOT
CARRY OUT
MY PLANS!

OUR ATTACK
HAS BEEN
BROKEN AT
THE DALWHI
OASIS! OUR
MEN ARE
IN FULL
RETREAT!



WE MUST STRIKE
AGAIN... AT ONCE!
THIS TIME I WILL
PERSONALLY SUPERVISE
THE ATTACK!!

JA HERR
GENERAL,
JA!



I WILL TEACH THOSE
BRITISH A LESSON IN TACTICS.
WE SHALL ATTACK WHERE
THEY EXPECT IT LEAST...
IN THE CENTER OF THEIR
LINES! PERHAPS EVEN
CAPTURE THEIR
HEADQUARTERS!

THAT WOULD
MEAN VICTORY,
HERR
GENERAL!



LATER, THE CONQUERING
BLACKHAWKS RETURN TO
ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...

THESE GREY-
BEARDS WILL
BE SURPRISED
WHEN THEY
FIND OUT HOW
WE'VE TWISTED
GENERAL HAUPT'S
TAIL!

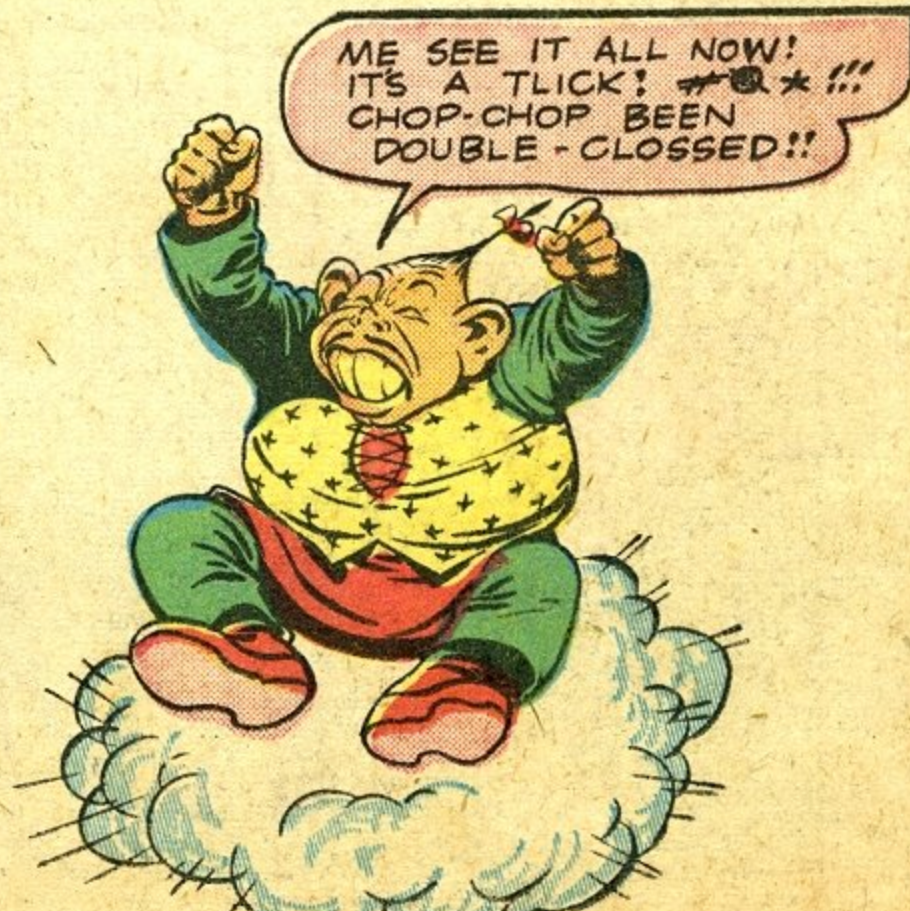
BY GAR!
WE DO
PRETTY
GOOD
JOB!



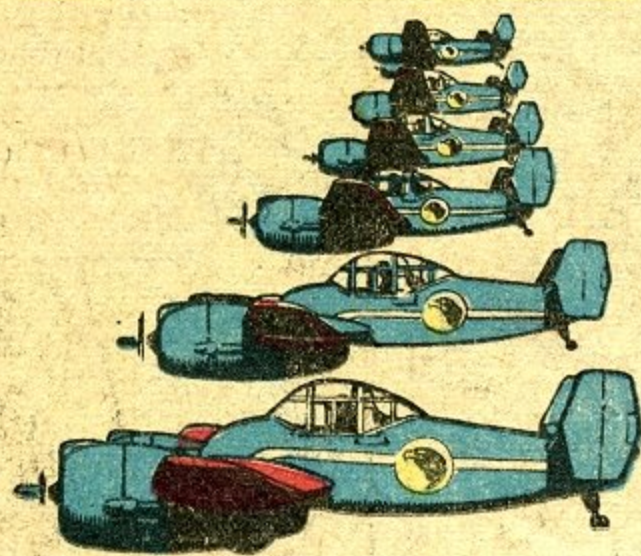
SILENCE GREET'S THE
BLACKHAWKS...AND DEATH!

HAUPT GOT HERE
AHEAD OF US!





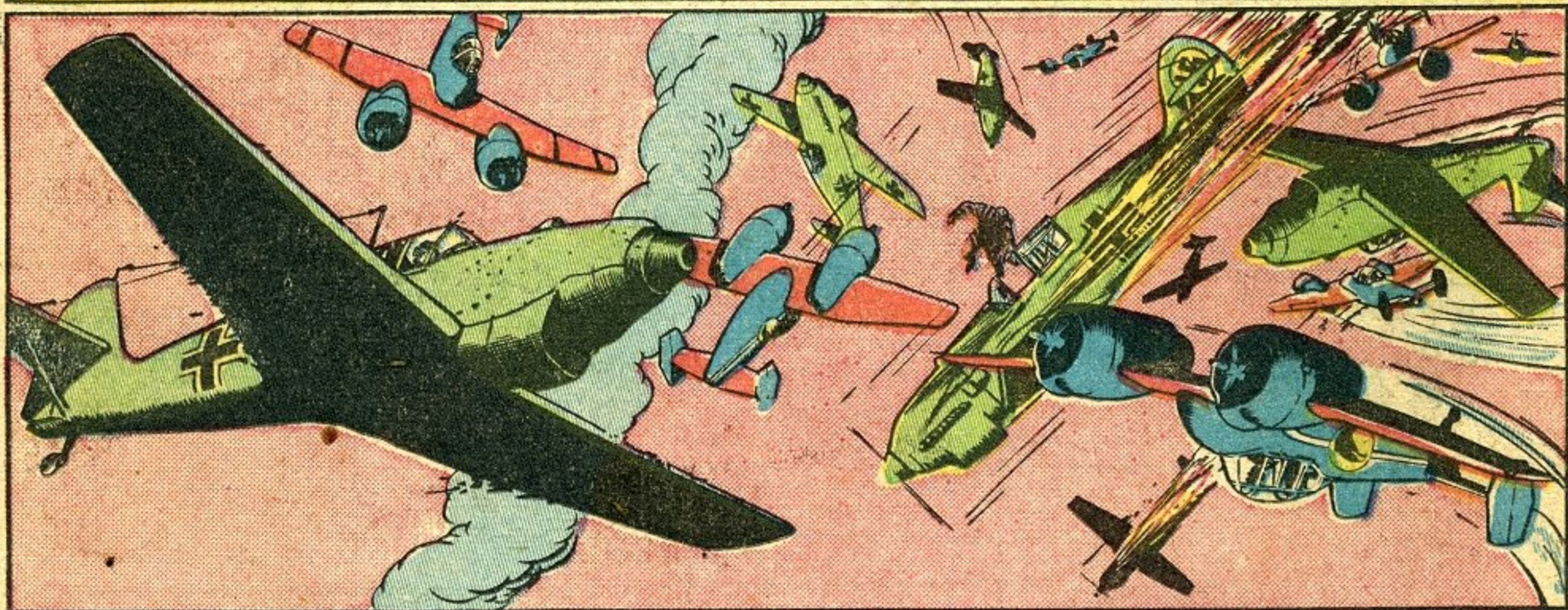
THE BLACKHAWKS FLY TO MEET THEIR DESTINY... FOR EACH MAN OF THEM KNOWS THAT THIS IS A MISSION FROM WHICH THERE CAN BE NO RETURN.



INTO THE HEART OF AXIS-HELD TERRITORY THEY WING THEIR WAY...



HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED... THE BLACKHAWKS GIVE BATTLE... AND SOON THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SCREAMING, TWISTING PLANES!



GOOD GRAVY! AN ENEMY PLANE ON MY TAIL!!



DESPERATELY, BLACKHAWK TRIES TO ELUDE HIS PURSUER... BUT THE ENEMY ACE HOLDS ON... AND HIS BLAZING GUNS BRING DEATH CLOSER AND CLOSER...



YUMPIN' YIMINY!... BLACKHAWKS IN TROUBLE!!



GOT HIM IN
MY SIGHTS!...
BY GAR!
MACHINE GUN'S
JAMMED!!



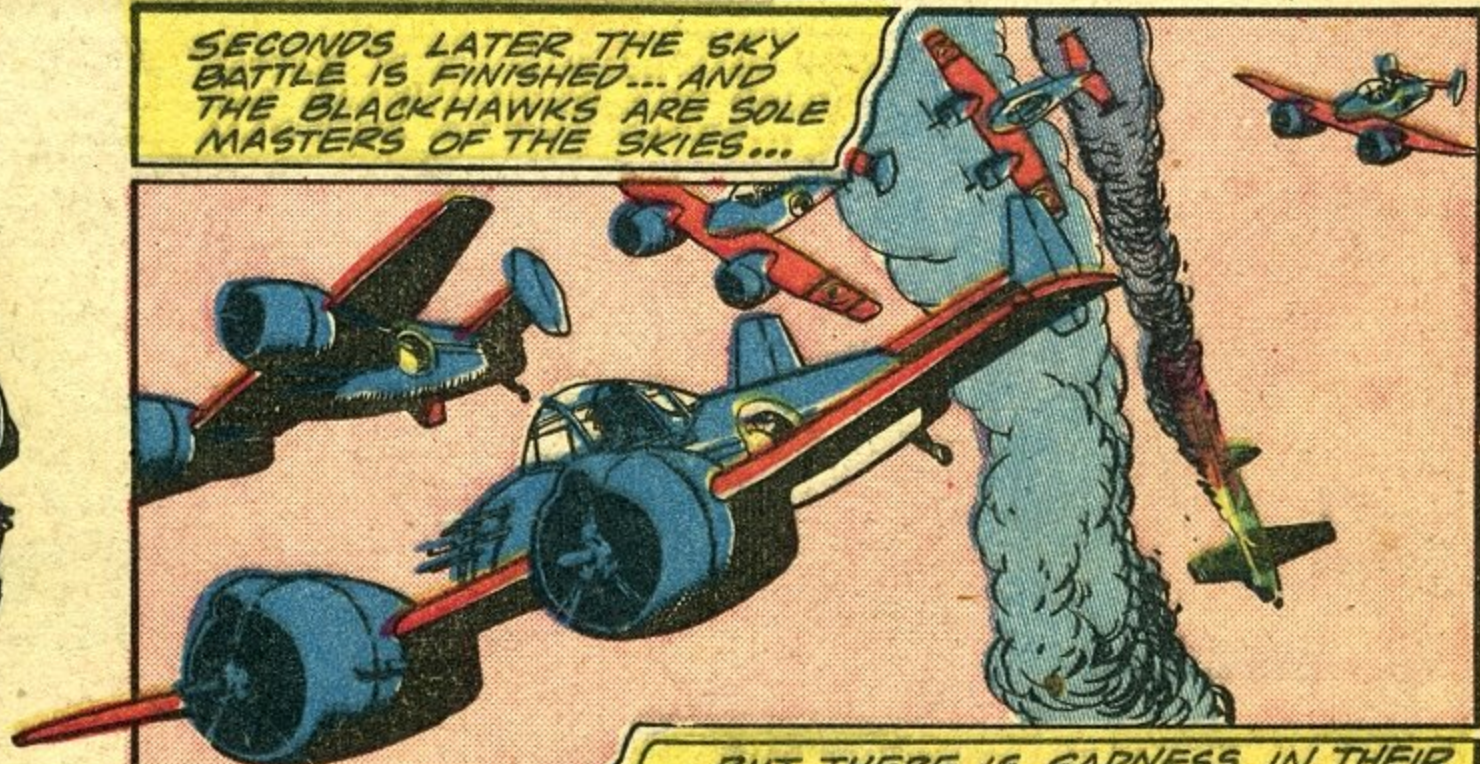
ONLY ONE
THING TO
DO... MUST
SAVE
BLACKHAWK!



OLAF! ... HE
DIED TO SAVE
ME!

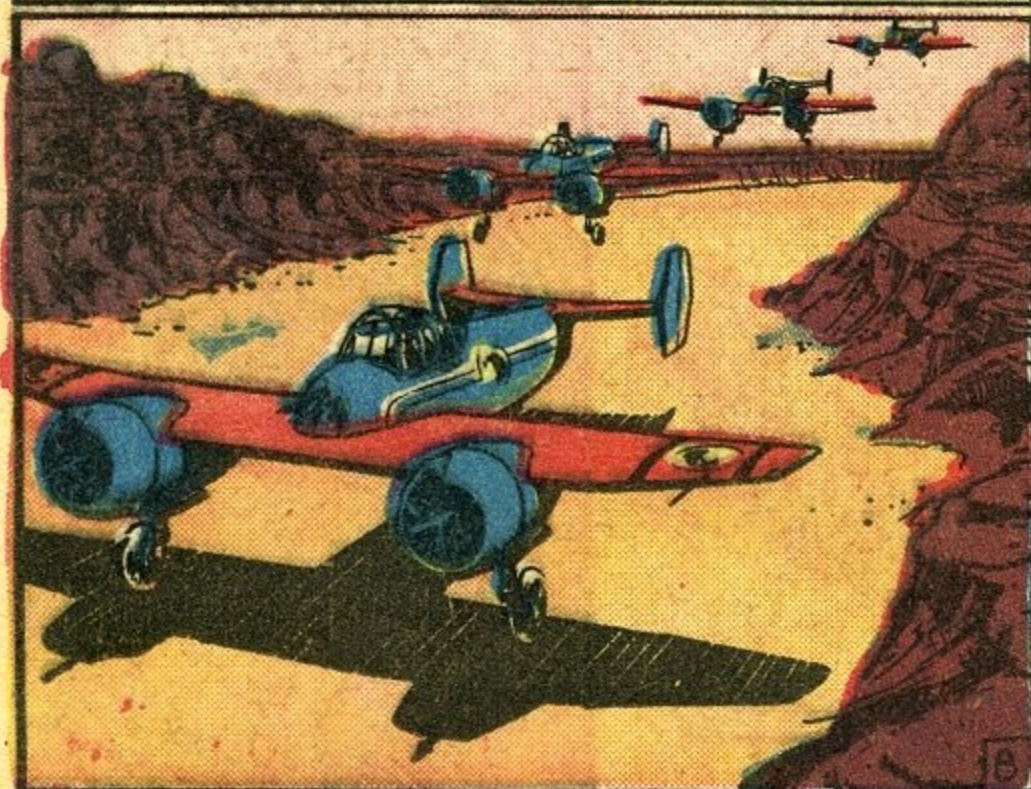


SECONDS LATER THE SKY
BATTLE IS FINISHED... AND
THE BLACKHAWKS ARE SOLE
MASTERS OF THE SKIES...



BUT THERE IS SADNESS IN THEIR
HEARTS, AS THEY CLOSE RANKS
AND MOVE ON... OLAF IS DEAD!

AT AN ABANDONED WADI, OR RIVER
BED, THE BLACKHAWKS' LAND...



THIS ISN'T FAR
FROM SIDI RAFFA!
WE SHOULD REACH
HAUPT'S VILLA IN
AN HOUR!

THE FIRST
SHOT WILL BE
FOR OLAF!







THAT'S FOR OLAF!

SEARCH UPSTAIRS! HAUPT MAY BE HIDING THERE!



IT MAY BE A TRICK! KEEP THOSE GUNS READY!!

KAMERAD! KAMERAD!



HE'S UNARMED... WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

DERE ARE NO ODDERS! ACH! YOU HAF KILLED DEM ALL!



DON'T LIE TO US!! GENERAL HAUPT IS **HERE!**

NEIN! HE ISS GONE TO DER FRONT LINES MIT DER ODDER OFFICERS! HE LEFT OBER AN HOUR AGO!



WHAT FOUL LUCK! TIE THIS MAN UP!.. I'VE GOT TO SEE ANDRE!



DID YOU GET HAUPT??

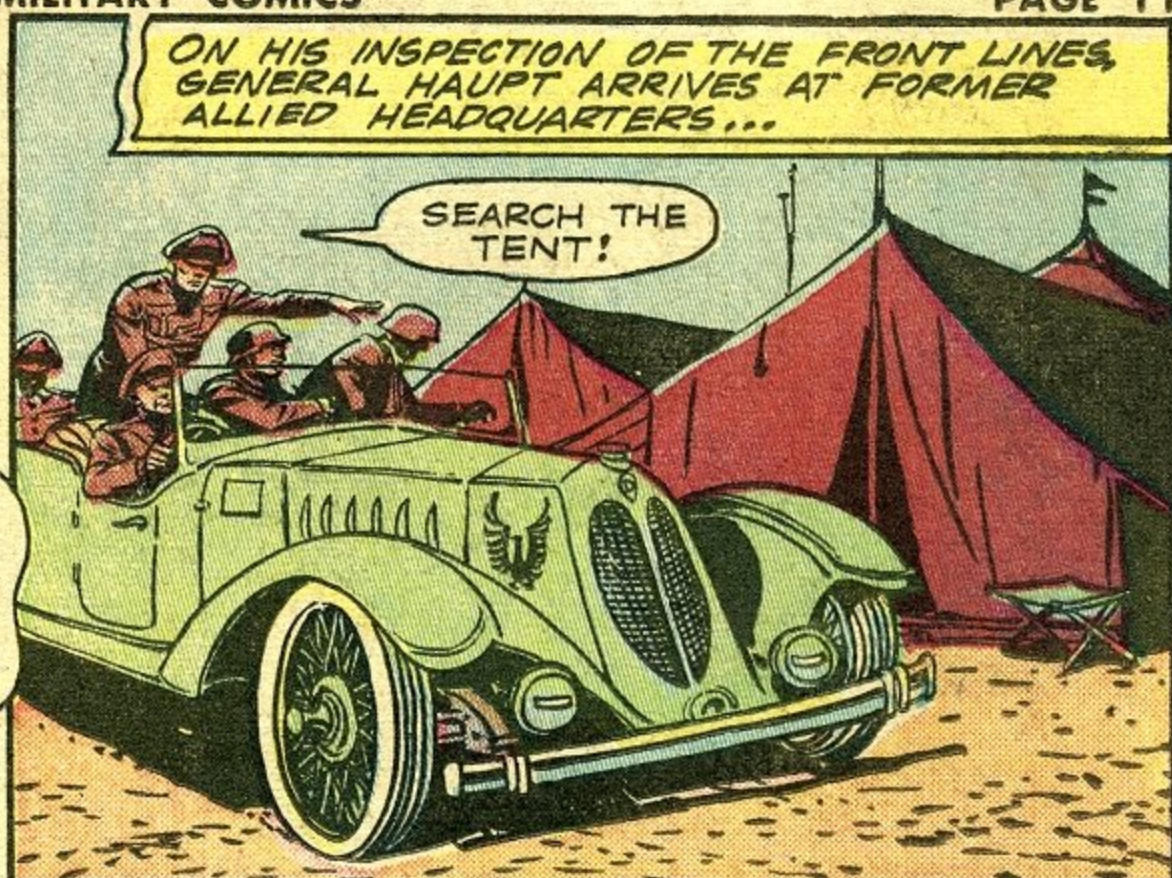
HE'S GONE!.. BUT WE'RE GOING AFTER HIM!



WE CAN'T LEAVE ANDRE LIKE THIS!

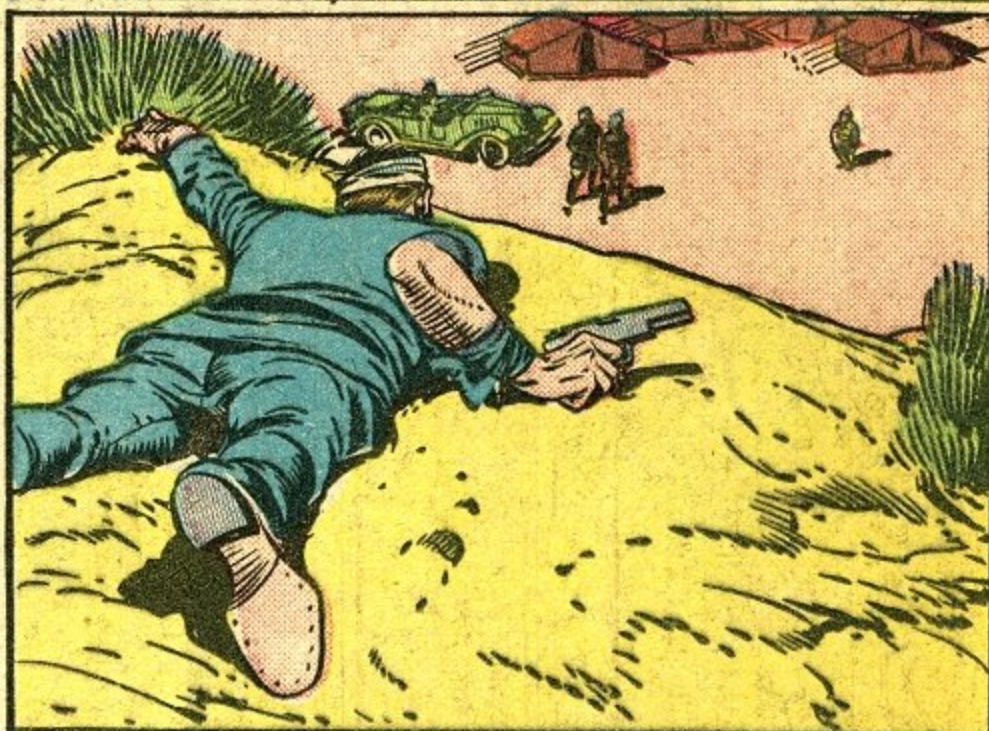
I WOULD... ONLY BE EEN THE WAY!.. I AM FEENISH ANYWAY! GO ON.. WITHOUT ME...

WE'LL GET HAUPT TOGETHER! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!





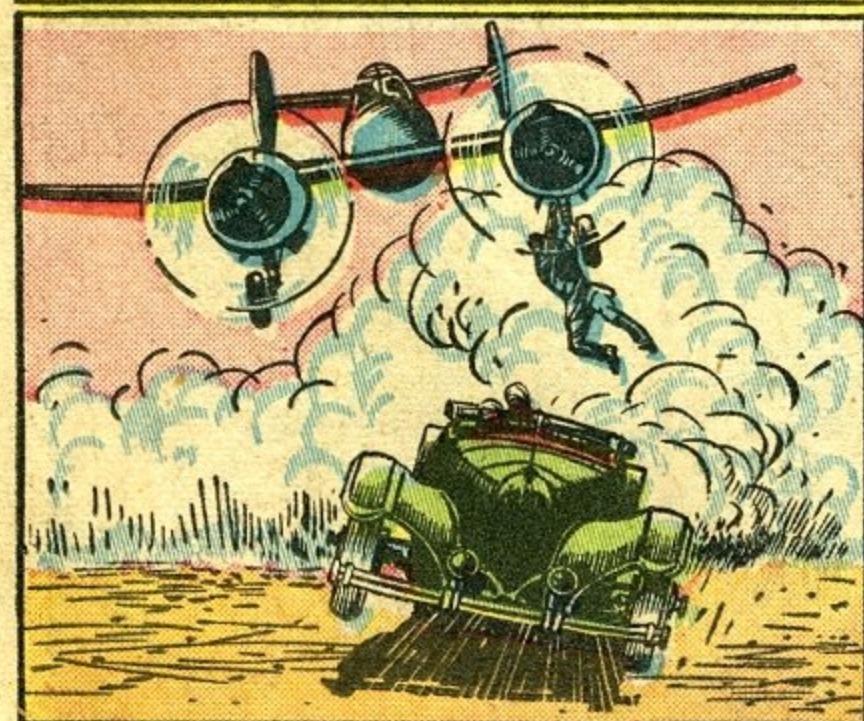
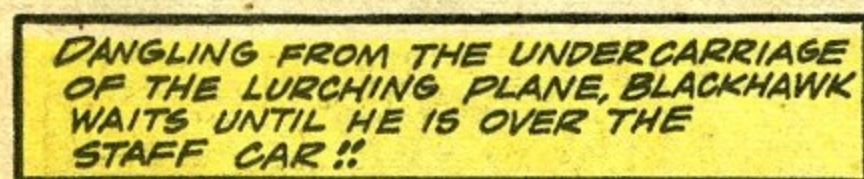
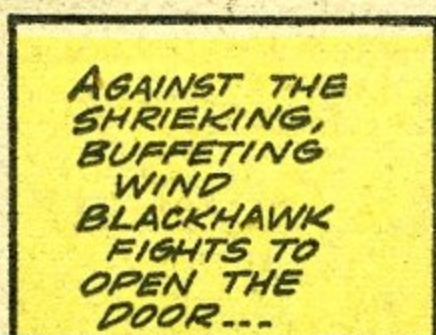
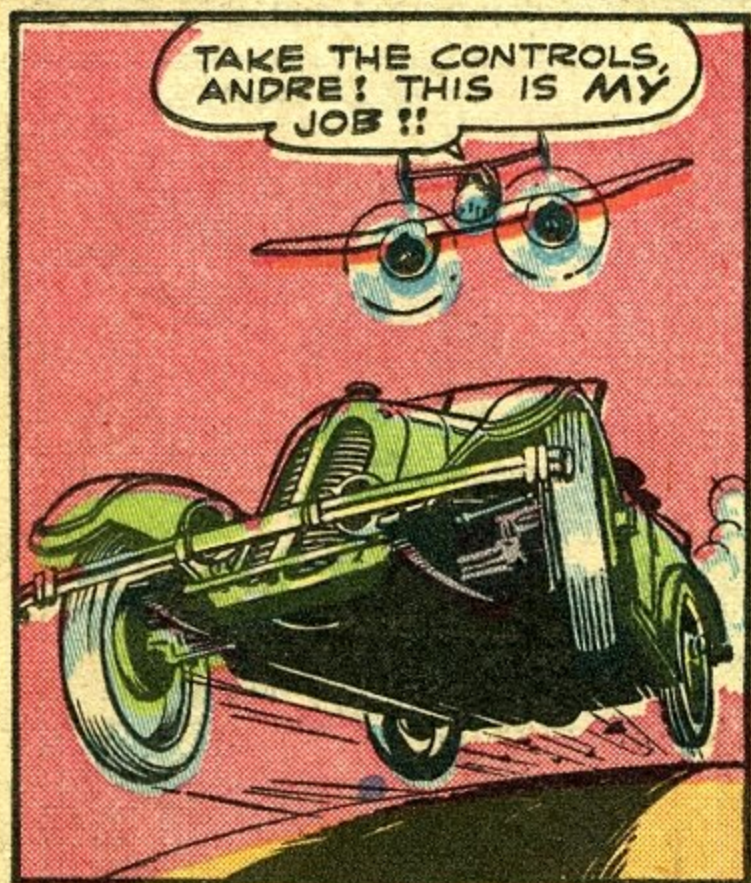
BUT AT THIS MOMENT, A BLACKHAWK
WATCHES THE SCENE... AND DOES
NOT MOVE... WHO CAN HE BE?

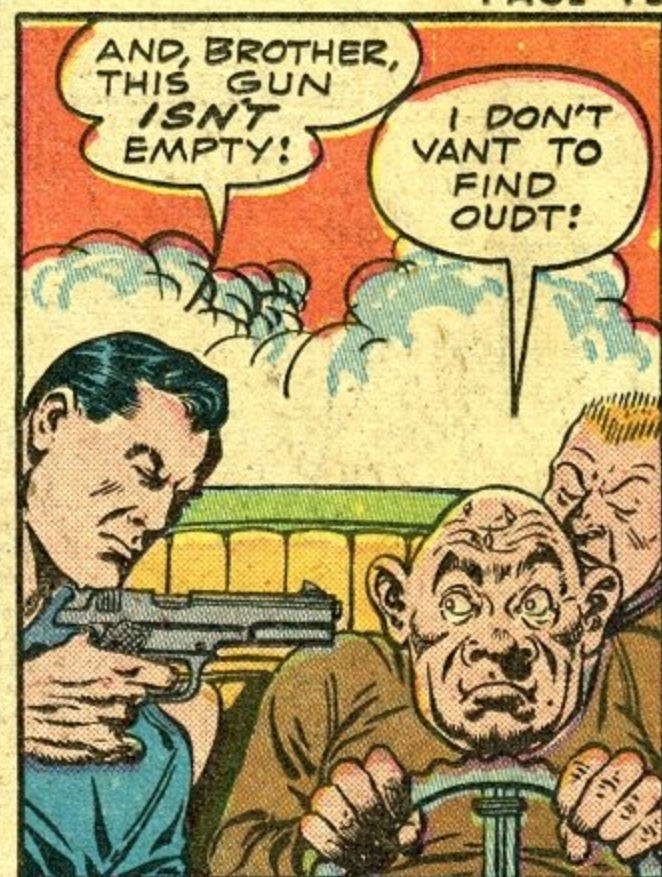


IT IS OLAF... THE MAN
BELIEVED DEAD IN
THE PLANE CRASH...

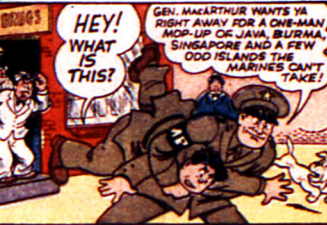








JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



THE SNIPER

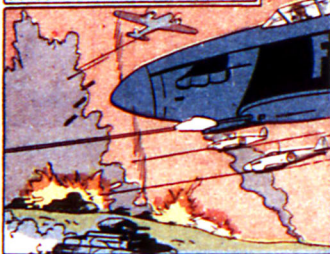
STALEMATE!

LIKE A DANGEROUS GAME OF CHESS, TWO GREAT ARMIES ARE HELD IN CHECK BETWEEN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA AND THE QUATTARA DEPRESSION WITH THE WHOLE OF EGYPT AND THE MIDDLE EAST AT STAKE!!

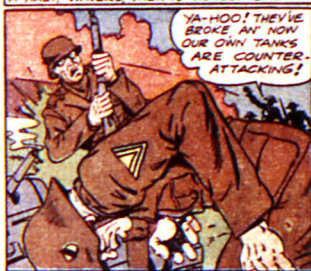
SOMEWHERE ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT...



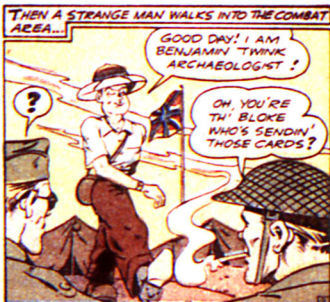
SPITFIRE FIGHTERS AND AMERICAN DIVE BOMBERS ROAR INTO ACTION TO MAKE IT HOT FOR THE ONRUSHING NAZI AFRIKA KORPS !!

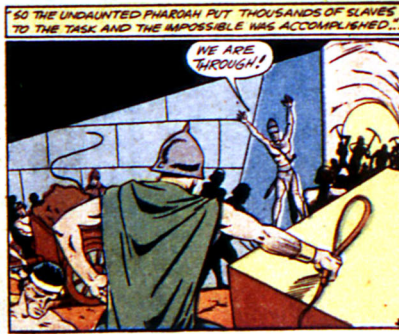


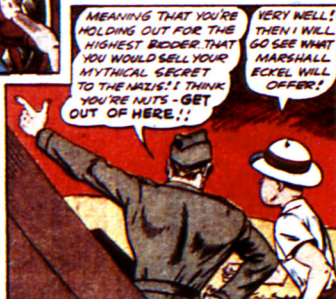
AND AGAIN THE BLOODY ADVANCE GRINDS TO A HALT, WAVERS, THEN IS HURLED BACK...



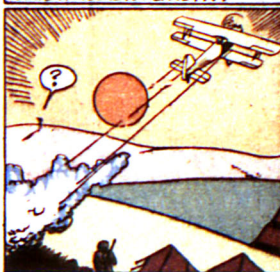
BUT THE ALLIED DRIVE IS LIKEWISE SMASHED AS IT RUNS INTO BRISTLING GERMAN GUNS...







AS THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MAN DEPARTS A FIGURE APPEARS....



THE SNIPER!



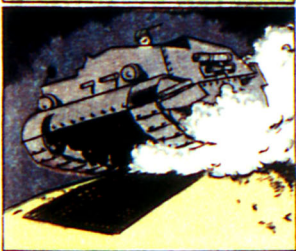
LATER-

WHAT? DO YOU
MEAN THAT CRAZY
GUY WAS TELLIN'
THE TRUTH? THERE
IS ACTUALLY
A TUNNEL?!

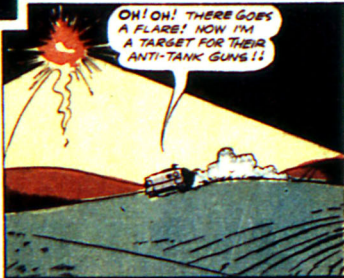
IT'S FANTASTIC,
BUT IT'S TRUE! AND
I'VE TRAILED HIM
FROM THE LOUVRE
IN PARIS TO AFRICA
-AND NOW MY HUNT
IS ONLY BEGINNING!

SINCE YOU TURNED HIM DOWN HE'S
PROBABLY GOING TO TELL THE NAZIS
ABOUT HIS DISCOVERY... AND THEY
MAY BELIEVE HIM !! I'VE GOT TO
GET THROUGH THE LINES AND TRY
TO STOP HIM !!!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE SNIPER
MANEUVERS A TANK THROUGH THE MINE-
FIELDS AND PENETRATES THE ENEMY LINES.



OH! OH! THERE GOES
A FLARE! NOW I'M
A TARGET FOR THEIR
ANTI-TANK GUNS !!



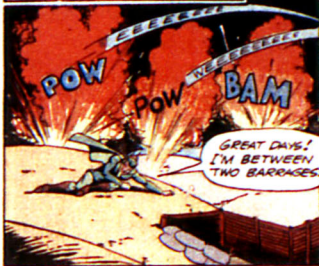
ACHT-
GEBEN!
KRAFT
WAGEN!



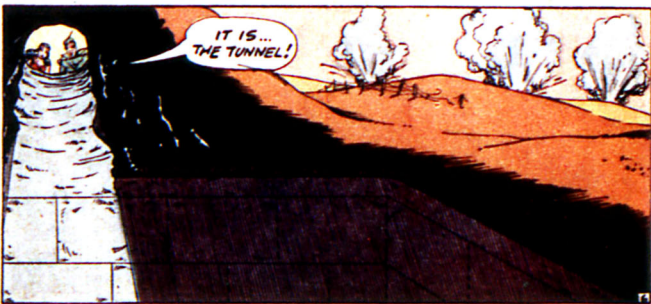
TIME TO
TRAVEL ON
FOOT!



THE NAZI GUNS DRAW SPORADIC GUNFIRE FROM THE ALLIED POSITIONS...



SUDDENLY A SHELL LANDS VERY NEAR AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE BATTLEFIELD!





MEN CALL ME
TEMKET! IT WAS MY
ANCESTORS TOMB THE
WHITE ARCHAEOLOGIST
DESECRATED TO
LEARN HIS SECRET!



LISTEN!
SOMEONE
ELSE IS
IN THIS
PASSAGE
WAY!

ACH, GOOT!
NOW DOT
VE KNOW DIS
TUNNEL EXISTS
NO-ONE ELSE
MUST KNOW!



IT'S THINK!
HE'S SOLD HIS
SECRET TO THE
NAZIS!!

HOW DO VE KNOW
DOT YOU VON'T ALSO
GIVE DER SECRET
TO DER ALLIES UND
TRY TO TRAP US ??

WY-WHY
I
WOULDN'T
DO THAT
GENERAL
ECKEL!!



W- WHY ARE
YOU LOOKING
AT ME LIKE
THAT ?? W-WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO ?

NO ONE MUST
REMAIN ALIVE TO
SHARE DIS SECRET
VIT ME, NOT
EVEN YOU!



HE
SHOT
HIM!

THAT'S WHAT HE
GETS FOR DEALING
WITH THE NAZIS
TEMKET!





BUT FATE STEPS IN TO THWART THE SNIPER'S STRATEGY...



LIEUTENANT
HAUPT, WHO
IS DIS GIRL?

VE FOUND HER
OUTSIDE DIS
HOLE, GENERAL
ECKEL!

HA! DEN SHE WAS WITH DER
SNIPER! WE MUST TAKE CARE
OF HER IN THE SAME MANNER
AS DER SNIPER! LT. HAUPT, I PUT
YOU IN CHARGE OF HER
EXECUTION AT VUNCE!

JAHNOL,
GENERAL
ECKEL!

NO!



LATER-



ZOUNDS!
THEY'RE ABOUT
TO EXECUTE
TEMKET!!

READY!
AM ...

THE SNIPER'S RIFLE
BOLT WORKS LIKE A
TRIP HAMMER AS HE
POURS LEAD INTO
THE FIRING SQUAD.

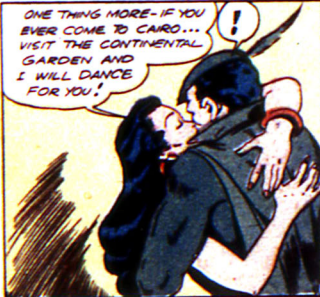


THE
SNIPER!
HE'S ALIVE!



BUT NOT
TO ECKEL...
NOW TO
PREPARE
THE TRAP!

HURRY SNIPER, GENERAL
ECKEL IS MASSING HIS
TROOPS AND TANKS TO
POUR THROUGH THE TUNNEL
... THEY'LL TAKE THE ALLIES
BY SURPRISE!



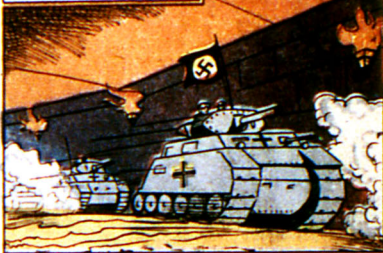
ONE THING MORE- IF YOU
EVER COME TO CAIRO...
VISIT THE CONTINENTAL
GARDEN AND
I WILL DANCE
FOR YOU!

!

THEN BEGINS A RACE AGAINST TIME.



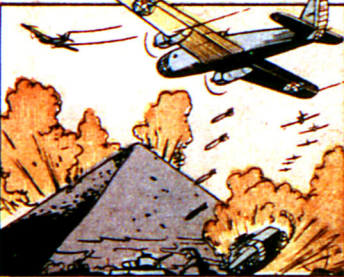
ALREADY A MIGHTY ARMY IS ROLLING THROUGH THE DUSTY CORRIDOR TO AGAIN ATTEMPT TO SHAPE THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD...



BACK AT ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



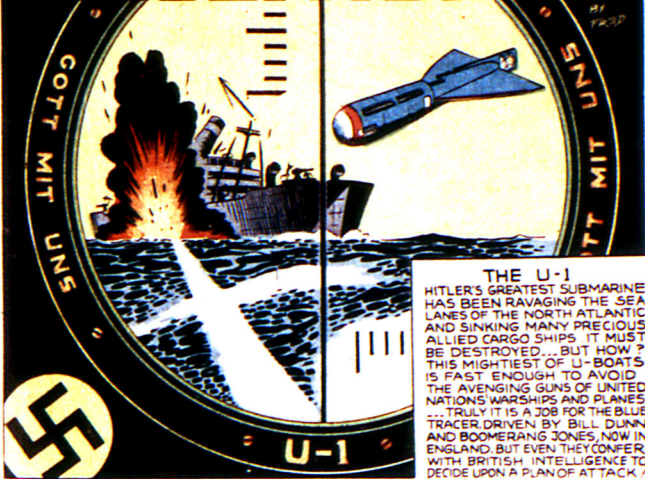
LATER IN CAIRO THE SNIPER DRINKS A TOAST TO VICTORY WHILE A BEAUTIFUL DANCING GIRL PERFORMS...



THEN THE VERY EARTH SHAKES AS THE ALLIES BLAST THE ENCIRCLED NAZI ARMY!!



THE BLUE TRACER



THE U-1

HITLER'S GREATEST SUBMARINE HAS BEEN RAVAGING THE SEAS Lanes OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND SINKING MANY PRECIOUS ALLIED CARGO SHIPS. IT MUST BE DESTROYED... BUT HOW? THIS MIGHTIEST OF U-BOATS IS FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID THE AVENGING GUNS OF UNITED NATIONS WARSHIPS AND PLANES... TRULY IT IS A JOB FOR THE BLUE TRACER, DRIVEN BY BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, NOW IN ENGLAND. BUT EVEN THEY CONFER WITH BRITISH INTELLIGENCE TO DECIDE UPON A PLAN OF ATTACK.

BEHIND GUARDED DOORS SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, BILL AND BOOMERANG MEET HIGH OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

IF WE CAN CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA WE'LL ATTACK IT. IT'LL BE EITHER THEM OR US, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A U-BOAT WE COULDN'T SINK!



BUT TO CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA IS THE PROBLEM. IT IS NOW IN ITS IMPREGNABLE CONCRETE BASE ON THE FRENCH COAST. IF ONE OF YOU CAN LAND THERE AND MEET BARONESS VON KIST—

BARONESS VON KIST? AIN'T SHE ONE OF HITLER'S... GIRL FRIENDS?

NOT THIS LADY! SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS.

I'LL GIVE YOU HER ADDRESS AND WE WILL GET WORD TO HER THAT ONE OF YOU IS COMING!



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT
THE BLUE TRACER HEADS
OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



OKAY, BILL! I DREW
THE LOW CARD - I'LL
JUMP!

THIS IS IT, BOOMERANG! WE'RE
OVER THE BARONESS' CHATEAU...
YOU'LL LAND IN THE SURROUNDING
FOREST. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU
IN THE CHANNEL TOMORROW. I'LL
DROP YOU THE BARREL!



AND I'LL
HOOK IT
ONTO THE
U-1... SO
LONG, PAL!

IF I'M
CAUGHT I'LL
BE THE
GESTAPO TORTURE
CHAMBER FOR
ME!



-OOF!

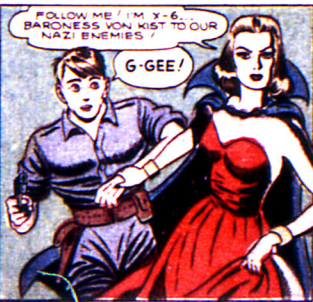


THERE'S THE
CASTLE... I'LL SNEAK
ALONG THE
PATH...



PSST!

GAAH!



FOLLOW ME / I'M X-6...
BARONESS VON KIST TO OUR
NAZI ENEMIES!

G-GEE!

THE CLEVER LADY AGENT LEADS BOOMERANG
THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGEWAY TO HER
PRIVATE CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE



I GOT RID OF THE REAL BARONESS - I DID!
I'M JUST TAKING HER PLACE FOR
THIS JOB... HERE. PUT THIS UNIFORM
AND MOUSTACHE ON!



A SHORT WHILE LATER BOOMERANG DELIVERS THE MESSAGE!

ON THE U-1

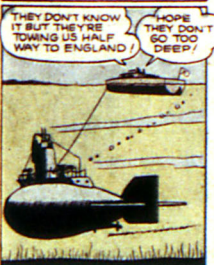
AS THE GIANT SUBMARINE GLIDES BY, ITS DECKS ARE DESERTED AND IT PREPARES TO DIVE!



ORDERS FROM THE FEUHRER HIMSELF! PROCEED INTO THE CHANNEL AND SUBMERGE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!
ALL HANDS BELOW!



THE U-1 SUBMERGES...



THE NEXT DAY FINDS THE U-1 SUBMERGED AS ORDERED... AND THE BLUE TRACER WINGS DOWN FROM THE STRATOSPHERE.



IMMEDIATELY BILL STEERS THE BLUE TRACER TO THE SPOT MARKED BY THE BARREL!

NO MATTER WHERE THE U-1 GOES NOW, THAT BARREL WILL FLOAT ON THE SURFACE AND GIVE AWAY ITS POSITION!



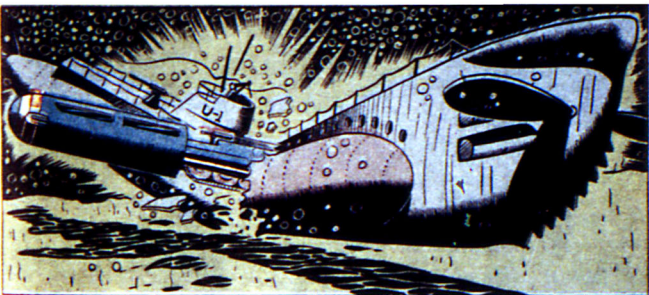
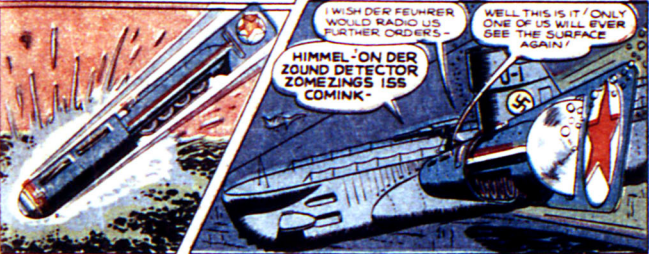
QUICKLY FOLDING THE TELESCOPIC WINGS, BILL DIVES THE BLUE TRACER LIKE A GIANT SHELL INTO THE SEA!

AND FOCUSING HIS UNDERWATER LENSES BILL SHOOTS TOWARD HIS UNSUSPECTING TARGET!

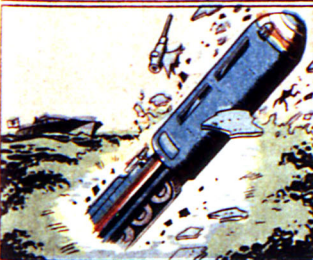
I WISH DER FEHRER WOULD RADIO US FURTHER ORDERS--

HIMMEL! ON DER ZOUND DETECTOR ZOMEZINGS ISS COMINK--

WELL THIS IS IT! ONLY ONE OF US WILL EVER SEE THE SURFACE AGAIN!

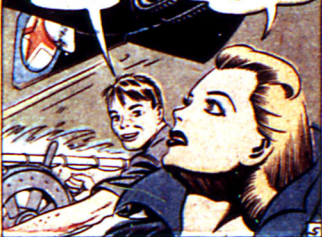


BUT THE GLEAMING BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE STREWN SEA... THE VICTOR!



ZOWIE! BILL SURE GAVE IT TO EM THAT TIME! THE U-1 IS SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

YOU SAID IT! WHAT A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION THAT BLUE TRACER IS!



TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION WHEN THEIR PT BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE

LET 'EM WRANGLE!

DO NOT KILL THEM—YET WE WILL AMUSE OURSELVES WITH THE AMERICANS DURING OUR VOYAGE

THIS SUB MUST BE IMPORTANT. IT'S THE ADMIRAL OF THE JAP FLEET HIMSELF

THIS HONORABLE PERSON CAN THINK OF NO MORE UNPLEASANT PRISON THAN BATTERY ROOM

WHERE WE CAN SLOWLY DIE FROM THE FUMES OF THE BATTERIES

NO USE, TOM! THIS DOCK IS SOLID STEEL

YEAH

GAS! GAS! WE DIE! WE DIE!

ORDER ALL HANDS TO SURFACE SHIP!

WE CAN'T SURFACE. THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK. THE BATTERIES ARE DEAD

TOM! THIS GAS IS GOING TO KILL THESE JAPS LIKE RATS IN A TRAP

AND THERE'S FORTY JAPS FOR EVERY ONE OF US

YEAH! WE CAN DIE HAPPY KNOWING THIS SUB WILL NEVER SINK AN AMERICAN SHIP AGAIN!

IS THIS TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a submarine—choked by a certain death. Can some find the breath-taking climax to this Tom Mix Comics Book?

EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition to this big book, you'll receive a special Commandos comic book. HURRY! MAIL FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

TOM MIX COMMANDOS 10 COMICS

ADVENTURES OF UNCLE AMOS

JAKE AT DREAM CASTLE

SPEED O'DARE NAVY PILOT

L'L' INJUN

COMMANDO SECRETS

LOOK!

5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM. MANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to: 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARREN AND YIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY

INSTANT RALSTON ... An extra hot whole wheat cereal that needs no Just stir into boiling water or milk and delicious warm-up build-up breakfast family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT ... A family favorite for over 40 years. Minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole Both are whole wheat, extra rich in fiber. Take your choice."

Instant Ralston

Hot Whole Wheat Cereal

NEEDS NO COOKING


Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal

U.S. needs US

EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD



The PHANTOM CLIPPER

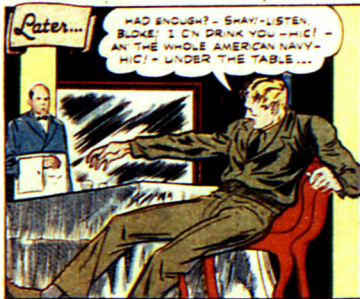


THEY ARE NOT DEAD! ... I
TELL YOU, SIR! ... BARN VON WOLF,
CAPTAIN MAN FRED STEIDLER, COMMODORE
CARL VON KIRPITZ; THESE MEN ARE NOT
DEAD! THEIR SUBS ROVE THE ARCTIC
SEAS EVEN NOW! GENTLEMEN, CALL
ME MAD, IF YOU LIKE: STRIP ME OF
MY RANK! BUT, I BESEECH YOU,
STOP THIS SUBMARINE WOLF PACK
BEFORE THEY DESTROY EVERY
OUTGOING CONVOY!

LIKE A GHASTLY IMAGE FROM
OUT OF A DREAM--LIKE A
NIGHTMARE FROM THE DEAD
PAST--LOOMED THE NAZI
SUBMARINE WOLF PACK!

THE NAVY LISTED THEM AS SUNK--
DEAD! YET THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER TRAILED THE
GHOST FLEET HALFWAY
ROUND THE WORLD TO THE
STRANGEST CLIMAX OF ITS
ADVENTUROUS CAREER!

**COURT-MARTIAL
AT
NORFOLK,
VIRGINIA,
NAVAL
BASE...**



TAKE IT EASY
TIGER! HE'S
ONLY A
DRUNKEN KID!

BRING HIM ON BOARD!
...A FEW DAYS OUT AT
SEA WILL IMPROVE HIS
MANNERS!



*Next
morning*
ABOARD
THE
PHANTOM
CLIPPER...



OH-HI! MY HEAD!
WHAT HIT
ME?

YOU DRINK MORE
BLACK COFFEE!
IT'LL FIX YOU
UP GOOD!



WHAT'S OUR
ORDERS
SIR?

WERE OUT TO CLEAN
UP A NAZI SUBMARINE
PACK! THEY SHOULD
BE SOMEWHERE
ABOUT, ACCORDING
TO OUR CHARTS!



CAN'T SEE A THING
THROUGH THIS FOG!
IT'S THICK AS SOUP!
---LISTEN! WHAT'S
THAT?

SHELL FIRE!
-COMING FROM
THE WINDWARD
SIDE, SIR!



FULL SPEED
AHEAD TO
WINDWARD!



A FEW MINUTES
LATER ...

THERE ARE
SOME MEN IN
THAT LIFE-BOAT!
- PULL
ALONGSIDE!

PREPARE TO LOWER
AWAY!





THESE MEN
ARE DEAD!
MACHINE-
GUNNED!

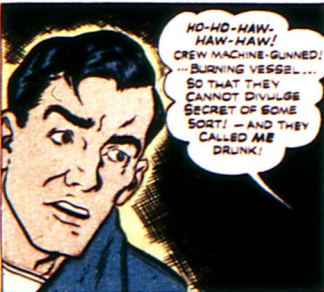
THE DIRTY NAZI BUTCHERS!
GAVE! -ORDERED THEM
INTO THE LIFEBOATS SO
THEY COULD GET AT
THEM WITH THEIR
MACHINE-GUNS!



IT'S ALWAYS THE
SAME... BURNING
VESSEL...AND CREW
MACHINE-GUNNED!

BUT WHY SHOULD
THEY KILL THE
WHOLE CREW?

MAYBE CREW
KILLED SO
THEY CANNOT
DIVULGE
SECRET OF
SOME
SORT!



HO-HO-HAW-
HAW-HAW!
CREW MACHINE-GUNNED!
...BURNING VESSEL...
SO THAT THEY
CANNOT DIVULGE
SECRET OF SOME
SORT! -AND THEY
CALLED ME
DRUNK!



WHY, YOU
BLASPHEMING
YOUNG IDIOT!
I'LL

BROKE ME, EH?
-DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
I WAS TALKING
ABOUT?
-DRUNK?



GO AHEAD,
MR. TIGER SHARK!
TAKE IT OUT ON ME
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
FIND YOUR NAZI
SUB PACK! BUT
I KNOW
WHERE THEY
HIDE!



YOU? HOW WOULD
YOU KNOW?

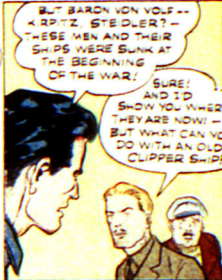
AH, HE'S
STILL
DRUNK!

ME DON'T
KNOW. I GIVE
HIM ENOUGH
COFFEE TO
SOBER UP!

THEN LIEUTENANT BARROW TELLS HIS FANTASTIC STORY...



...AND SO IT WENT — BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! — HAD ME COURT-MARTIALED! — THE ONLY MAN IN THE U.S. NAVY WHO KNOWS WHERE THAT SUB BASE IS!



BUT BARON VON VOLF -- KRITZ, STEDLER? — THESE MEN AND THEIR SHIPS WERE SUNK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR!

SURE! AND I'D SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE NOW! — BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH AN OLD CLIPPER SHIP!



TELL HIM, TIGER!

LISTEN, BARROW! THIS CLIPPER CARRIES FOUR 8-INCH GUNS! — AND WERE EQUIPPED FOR HEAVY BATTLE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!



SO THAT'S WHY THEY COULDN'T BE TRAILED! THAT WATER IS FULL OF REEFS!

EXACTLY! I'VE FLOWN RECONNAISSANCE OVER THESE REEFS MANY TIMES! ONLY A SMALL BOAT CAN GET IN!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON IS BLACKED OUT BY CLOUDS...



REMEMBER, CAP! NO FIRING TILL I GIVE YOU THEIR RANGE!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!

SILENTLY THE POWERFUL LAUNCH SKIRTS THE REEFS AND SWEEPS INWARD...



YOU SEE, BARROW! THIS IS A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED LAUNCH ON WHICH WE HAVE MOUNTED TORPEDO TUBES!

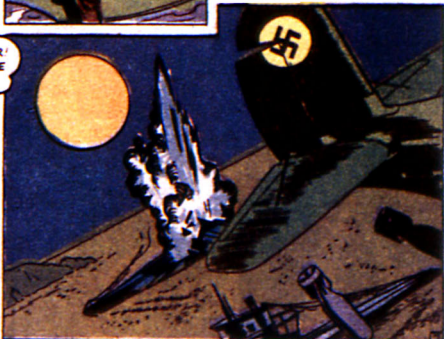


WHAT A CONVENTION! THERES THE 'BRUNHILDE' — AND THERES THE 'SCHORSTEIN'!

SURE! — AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



The
HIGHLY
MANEUVERABLE
LITTLE
LAUNCH
DODGES
AROUND THE
JAGGED
ROCKS
LIKE A
DEADLY
SERPENT!



HOLY SEA BREEZES!
—IT'S LIEUTENANT
BARROW IN A NAZI
BOMBER! GOOD BOY!



I'M HIT! - TOO BAD!...
...I WANTED TO PROVE
IT TO THE NAVY...
OHMM! ...



THE NAZI BOMBER WITH THE DEAD BODY OF
LIEUTENANT BARROW HURTTLES DIRECTLY
AT THE NAZI SUB! ...

...AT THE NAVAL BASE, NORFOLK, VA. ...

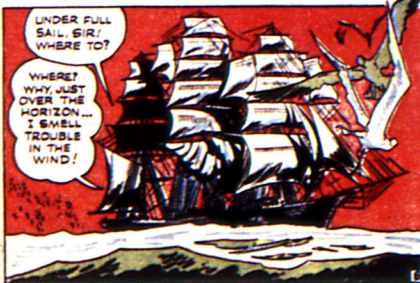
...AND THAT, SIR, IS
THE STORY OF
LIEUTENANT ROBERT
BARROW'S DEATH!



LIEUTENANT BARROW IS
DEAD, BUT, AMONG THE MEN
OF THE NAVY — HIS NAME
WILL LIVE FOREVER!

UNDER FULL
SAIL, SIR!
WHERE TO?

WHERE?
WHY, JUST
OVER THE
HORIZON...
I SMELL
TROUBLE
IN THE
WIND!



WHILE PATROLLING ALONG THE UNITED STATES PACIFIC COAST LINE, A PAIR OF AIRACOBAS DROVE HIGH OVER THE OCEAN OFF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

PACIFIC PATROL

I AM WILLIAMS

SUDDENLY, A SUBMARINE IS SPOTTED, MOVING ALONG ON THE SURFACE...

JAP SUB - FORM IN LINE FOR STRAFING ATTACK - LET'S GO!

THE P-30'S SLANT DOWN LIKE AVENGING FURIES, GUNS HAMMERING!!

GEE... AMERICAN PLANES! THEY ISS SURPRISE US...

THE FIRST ATTACK LEAVES THE SUB PUNCTURED WITH HOLES, UNABLE TO SUBMERGE:

ATTACK AGAIN - I'LL NOTIFY THE BASE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLANES FLASH ACROSS THE SUB, RAKING IT WITH BULLETS...

AMMUNITION EXHAUSTED - PALS...? WELL... WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THAT CAN UNTIL A PATROL BOAT ARRIVES!

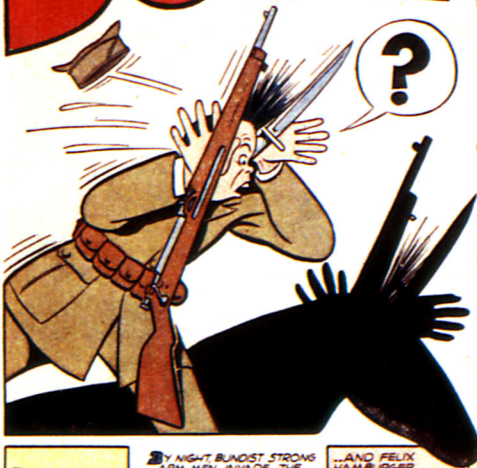
2ND A HALF HOUR LATER THE RIDDLED SUB IS CAPTURED!

by BART
& TUMEX

PRIVATE

DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER!!



IS IT ANY WONDER OUR HERO MAKES A DONKEY OF HIMSELF WHEN HE MEETS....

...AXIS AGENT FELIX HAMBURGER IMPERSONATING GENERAL U.S. GRANITE

NAPOLEON GRANITE THE GENERAL'S "BALMY" TWIN...

...AND FINALLY GENERAL U.S. GRANITE HIMSELF!!

FELIX HAMBURGER, TALENTED ACTOR AND MEMBER OF THE BUND BEARS A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO GENERAL U.S. GRANITE! HAMBURGER, MASTER OF MAKE-UP AND VOICE IMITATION HAS MADE HIMSELF INTO AN EXACT DOUBLE OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL!

BY NIGHT BUNDIST STRONG ARM MEN INVADE THE GENERAL'S HOME AND ABDUCT HIM...



...AND FELIX HAMBURGER STEPS IN TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE BACHELOR GENERAL!

HIMMEL!! DER MAKE-UP IS PERFECT! NO VUN VILL SUSPECT YOU!

I HAVE ALREADY DISMISSED THE GENERAL'S PERSONAL AIDE! HE LIVED WITH THE GENERAL AND WAS HIS CLOSE FRIEND AND CONFIDANT! ONLY HE MIGHT HAVE SUSPECTED ME!

BUT NOW DER COAST IS CLEAR FOR OUR PLANS!



HEER HAMBURGER, AS
GENERAL GRANITE, YOU
ARE NOW IN POSITION
TO OBTAIN FOR DER
AXIS DER CHOICEST
OFF SECRET MILITARY
INFORMATION!

YA! BUT
DON'T FORSET
DER MAIN
ASSIGNMENT!

GENERAL GRANITE
WAS A FREQUENT
LUNCHEON GUEST
AT DER WHITE
HOUSE!

YOU HAVV ONLY TO AVAIT DER
NEXT INVITE...UND DEN SLIP
OUR NEW, DEADLY,
UNDETECTABLE POISON 'INTER
DER PRESIDENTS FOOD!



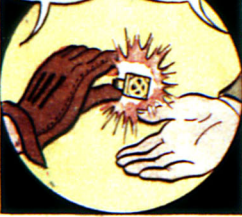
DER POISON ISS
CONCEALED IN
A SECRET
COMPARTMENT
OF DIS
RING?

FEAR NOT,
COMRADES! I
SHALL NOT FAIL
OUR GLORIOUS
CAUSE!

THERE REMAINS ONLY
ONE SMALL DETAIL...I
MUST FIND A VERY
DUMB SOLDIER TO
REPLACE THE SMART
AIDE I DISMISSED!

FOR SOME REASON
GENERAL GRANITE
HAS ALWAYS HAD
AN AIDE LIVING
WITH HIM HERE
IN HIS HOME!

HE ISS A
BACHELOR...
NO DOUBT
HE WAS
LONESOME!



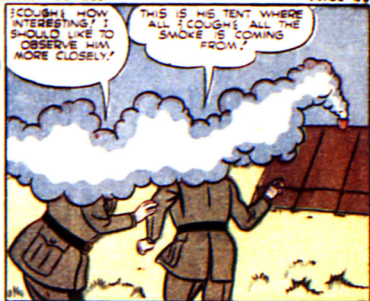
COME! VE GO
NOW BACK TO
DER HIDEOUT
WHERE VE ARE
HOLDING DER
GENERAL PRISONER!

GOODT
LUCK
UND
HEIL
HITLER!

HEIL
HITLER!

AH! I SEE I AM TO REVIEW TROOPS ALL
DAY TOMORROW! THE DUMBEST SOLDIER...
THE ONE WHO MAKES THE MOST MISTAKES
...SHALL BECOME MY PERSONAL AIDE!





THE NEXT A.M.
IN THE
GRANITE HOME...



ELEVEN
O'CLOCK!! MY
FIRST MORNING
AS A GENERAL'S
AIDE AND I'VE
OVERSLEPT!!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE EXCEPT A FEW HIGH
RANKING MILITARY OFFICIALS, GENERAL U.S.
GRANITE HAS A FEEBLE-MINDED TWIN WHO
IS KEPT IN A HIDDEN ROOM...



MY HORSE!! GET
MY HORSE OUT
OF THAT CLOSET!
AT ONCE!

? GULP!
IT...IT'S IN THE
CLOSET? I'LL...I'LL
DO MY BEST TO
GET IT OUT, SIR!



NOBODY AT HOME...
GUESS I'LL READ
A BOOK UNTIL...

--WHAT
TH...

SNAP!



OH, HA HA!
I SEE
WHAT YOU
MEAN,
SIR!

GOSH...
FOR A
MINUTE I
THOUGHT
HE WAS
NUTS!



ON SECOND THOUGHT I
WILL FOREGO MY USUAL
MORNING CANTER! I GET
ENTIRELY TOO SADDLE-
BURNED IN
JUST THIS!

PUT IT
BACK,
WHOEVER
YOU
ARE!



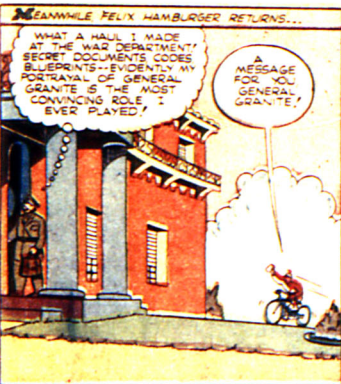
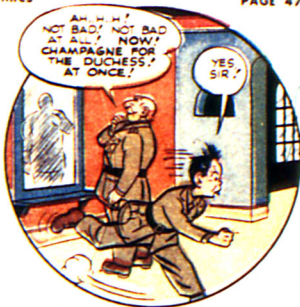
WHY... I'M
PRIVATE DOGTAG,
SIR! H... HAVE
YOU FORGOTTEN,
SIR?

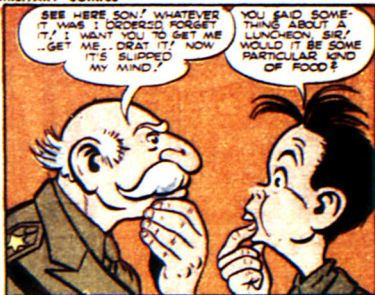
YES I HAVE FORGOTTEN!
THERE'S SOMETHING I
SHOULD DO EACH MOR-
NING AND WHEN I DON'T,
IT BOTHERS ME!



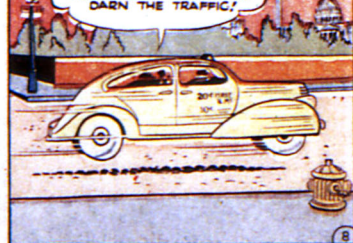
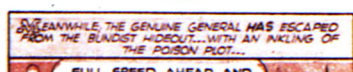
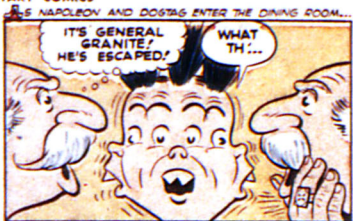
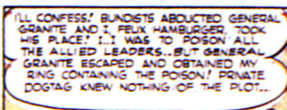
LET'S SEE, ER...
COULD IT BE
PUTTING ON
YOUR CLOTHES,
SIR?

THAT'S IT! MY CLOTHES!!
I WANT MY CLOTHES, YOU
FOOL! THE DUCHESS IS
WAITING FOR ME! HURRY!!

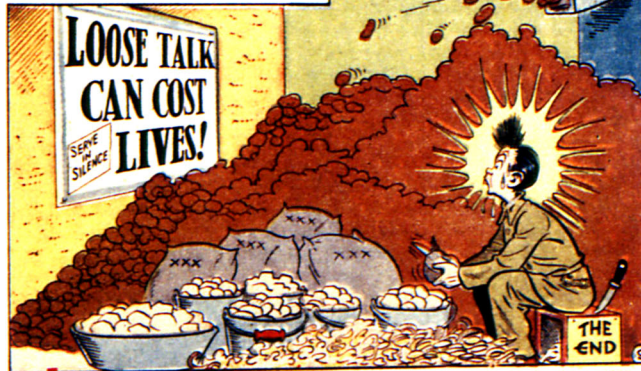








COMPLETELY EXONERATED DOGTAG AND NAPOLEON ARE LEAVING WITH WHITE HOUSE GUARDS, WHEN...



DOWN TO EARTH

TIM McGuire was a swell guy, if ever there was one . . . And all the boys from the ground crew up, who knew him at all well, would have gone to bat for him any day—at the drop of a Focke-Wulf. Big and brawny, with the twinkling blue eyes and wide, honest grin to match his name, he was a flier through and through, from the very day he had arrived at the field . . . fists clenched, and eyes gazing hungrily at the cloudless blue sky.

There was one quality of McGuire's that did induce some smiles and raised eyebrows, behind his back . . . And that was Tim's genius for the embellishment of a story. Mind you, he wasn't a liar! That's a fightin' word. Nor could the boys rightly call him a fabricator—which was just a dolled up name for liar. Let's say that it was Tim's unrestrainable Irish imagination that occasionally led him astray . . . his unbounded enthusiasm for the sound of his own voice and the vivid color of words.

Whether he was telling a

story of his fight with the three boiler-makers in Tony's bar or how he stole the heart of the pretty waitress back in Tucson . . . Tim just couldn't help embroidering his tale to just beyond the point of credulity. The funny part of it was he *did* lick three boilermakers—and the waitress still remembers him. But the way he told his stories you'd have to smile inwardly and say to yourself —“Great boy, Tim, but you're not kidding *me*!”

We come now to the story Tim never told and never will . . . it was too impossible. The eventful day of his first 'chute drop had come . . . and, one by one the boys had bailed out ahead. Watching nine billowing sheets of silk descend to a geography book map just a wee bit too far below . . . he knew he was next . . . and last.

Tim suddenly felt terribly alone, and not a bit pleased about the way the pit of his stomach was tap-dancing. The jump wasn't hard . . . you hardly knew you were falling . . . until you looked . . . and then there wasn't any question

of it. You were going, alright . . . but certainly not up!

The first shock that McGuire got when he had descended to what should have been the end of that new-fangled 'chute cord, attached to the cabin of the plane, was that there was no cord. For a split second he idly wondered why . . . then he recalled he was still travelling . . . but *fast*!

The map below was becoming less of a post card and more like solid earth . . . hard, and too close for comfort. “There's an emergency cord, of course,” said McGuire . . . and laughed at himself as he pulled it. It broke. He looked at the end of the cord in his hand for a numb fraction of a second and then said, “McGuire, this is a heck of a thing. And a heck of a way to die. Supposin' now I should land in some respectable citizen's back yard? What a noise I'd be makin' and what a filthy mess.” For a moment, the mental picture of the mess was almost more than he could stand. He tried to focus on the fast approaching landscape,

but in the dizzy spin of his fall, he couldn't guess where he'd splash, so he gave it up and went back to his conversation . . . he had to talk to *somebody!*

"Look, McGuire," he said. "A drowning man or a man falling, such as you . . . going to a certain death, is supposed to have mile-a-minute thoughts running through his mind. *Mind* did I say? Don't flatter yourself, McGuire. But sure you're not playing the rules. . . .

"Especially you, McGuire, who's always prided yourself on your gift of gab. Well, where IS this motion picture of your life?—Your childhood and your dear sweet Mother, and then all the lousy tricks you've ever done and should now be regrettin'? Where's the memory of sweet Kitty and her kisses, and the fresh green smell of Killarney? Well, lad, this is one way you never thought you'd get back to the old sod" . . . and he looked down.

The other 'chutes had all grounded in a wide field and already had assumed the size of ladies hankies fluttering about on a billiard table.

"I've got it, McGuire," he said. "It's that very tongue of

yours . . . you've talked yourself into and talked yourself out of everything in your life and you never did learn how to *think!* Amazing . . . but it's clear enough to me now. Well . . . prayin' is talkin', isn't it? And since that's your prize line you better start right now . . . because you'll have to talk yourself into the next world and—sure, you want it to be the better one!" Taking another look down he saw he was heading right smack for the wide roof of a bright red barn.

Then an awfully strange thing happened . . . and McGuire was sure he was losing his spinning head. For from the top of the red barn he could swear someone was calling his name. "What in blazes is wrong with you, McGuire?" . . . and a lot of other things that, from a red barn, sounded strangely like language of the worst kind.

There was a snap then, somewhere, and McGuire's eyes cleared to find that the red barn was the face of Flight Lieutenant Murphy at it's highest pressure of blood, peering around his shoulder, and glaring at him with an expression anything but kindly. The map was still down there as it was

before; and Murphy was shouting right into his nose. "McGuire, are you a soldier or aren't you . . . These jumps are timed to the second . . . TIMED . . . d'ya understand? Will you jump, man . . . or may I have the great pleasure of pushing you?"

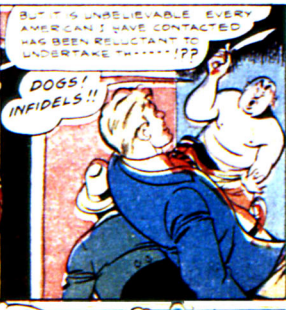
McGuire smiled then into the face of his irate superior . . . smiled as he never thought he'd smile again. . . .

"I'm jumpin', sir," he said.

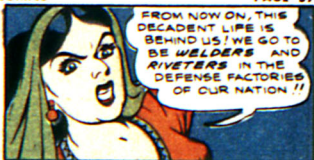
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Sailing down under the billowing white tent that gleamed above him in the sun, McGuire thought things over . . . laughing to himself the while. "I was *afraid*," he said. "So help me . . . but for all of that, it's a story I can't tell the boys . . . They'd never understand the secret goings-on of another man's soul . . ." And then he ceased laughing, and his face was suddenly thoughtful. "But then, who am I to have a nodding acquaintance with their souls any more than they have with mine. Maybe they, too, have each discovered a man cannot learn to live until his cowardice is smashed down to earth!" And then he waived gaily . . . for he was safely close to them now . . . closer than ever.









★ ★ ★ ★ ★
True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures

Secret
War News

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

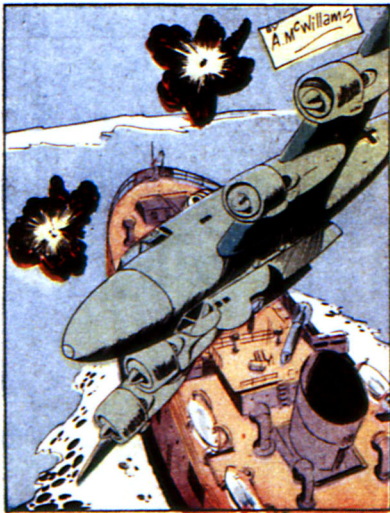
This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

CONVOY ATTACK

The German short wave propaganda broadcasts to the United Nations have recently made extravagant claims concerning the disposition of a recent American Convoy.

The Germans claim to have repeatedly attacked the Convoy, sunk or crippled all of the ships and destroyers and to have effected a smashing victory for the Axis.

In answer to these fantastic claims, the United States Navy Department released the inside story. So if you want a real tip as to what actually took place, read on—



CA RECENT SHORT WAVE BROADCAST FROM BERLIN...

UNITS OF OUR BALLANT NAVAL AND AIR FORCES HAVE JUST ANNOUNCED A STUNNING VICTORY IN A COMBINED ATTACK ON AN ALLIED CONVOY BOUND FOR RUSSIA...



DURING A RUNNING BATTLE WHICH LASTED THREE DAYS OUR FORCES DEFINITELY SANK THIRTY-FIVE OUT OF FIFTY CARGO SHIPS... ALSO SIX OF THE ESCORTING WAR-SHIPS, TWO OF OUR PLANES WERE LOST WHEN THEY COLLIDED IN MIDAIR!



THAT'S THE GERMAN VERSION-- NOW DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH! MY NAME IS TOMMY CARROL-- I'M FIRST MATE ON THE BLACK CASTLE ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THAT CONVOY...



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY SHIPS WERE IN THE CONVOY, BUT THE BLACK CASTLE HAD A POSITION NEAR THE FRONT AND SHE WAS LOADED DOWN TO HER PLIMSOLL MARK...



THE SKIPPER, CAPTAIN EZRA WALTERS IS A TOUGH, OLD NEW ENGLANDER... A 'SALTY OLD BIRD'...

WE'RE COMING INTO U-BOAT WATERS, MR CARROL... DOUBLE THE WATCH!



WE WERE NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND STILL NO SIGN OF ANY NAZIS...

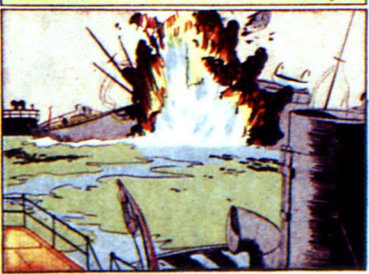
THE QUIET CAN'T LAST, CAPTAIN... SOME THINGS GONNA BUST WIDE OPEN... BUT SOON! HAVEN'T HAD AN ALARM SINCE LEAVING AMERICA!



... AND THE NEXT MORNING IT BUSTED-- OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY...



CA FREIGHTER ON THE CONVOY'S SOUTHERN FLANK SUDDENLY WENT SKY HIGH... TORPEDOED!



YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THOSE NAVY GUYS-- A DESTROYER AND A CANADIAN SUB-CHASER WERE AFTER THAT U-BOAT LIKE TWO BLOODHOUNDS!



CAN'T TELL IF THEY GOT THAT SUB OR NOT... BUT THEY'RE COMING BACK!



SUDDENLY OUR LOOKOUTY SANG OUT FROM THE FORE-PEAK...

TORPEDO!-- OFF THE PORT QUARTER!



AN OLD U-BOAT TRICK-- ATTACKING FROM BOTH SIDES AT ONCE...

SPIN THE HELM-- HARD TO STARBOARD!



THAT FISH MISSED OUR BOW BY INCHES...



THE SAW MORE TORPEDOES STREAK THROUGH THE CONVOY-- BUT NOT ANOTHER SHIP WAS HIT...

WITH ALL THOSE DESTROYERS AFTER THEM, THE U-BOATS AREN'T TAKING TIME TO AIM--



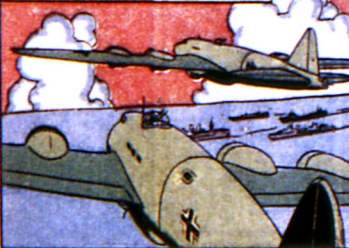
ONE OF THE U-BOAT PACK WAS DISABLED AND FORCED TO THE SURFACE...



AND EVEN THEN, THE NAZIS TRIED TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT-- BUT A DESTROYER FINISHED 'EM!



THE CONVOY PROCEEDED ON UP THE NORWEGIAN COAST, AND A FEW HOURS LATER WE'RE ATTACKED BY TWO GUE ROCKE WOLF KURIERS...



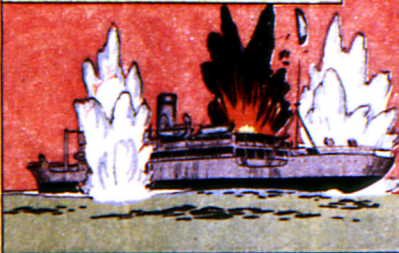
HERE WE GO AGAIN, BOYS--- THEY'RE COMIN' OUR WAY!!



OUR GUNS AND ALL THE GUYS IN THE CONVOY PUT UP A BARRAGE OF SHELLS...



THE FIRST FOCKE-WULF UNLOADED ON US... AND THE BLACK CASTLE'S FUTURE WAS UNCERTAIN FOR A FEW MOMENTS ---



WE'VE BEEN HIT AFT, CAPTAIN!

GET THOSE HOSES OUT-- WE'RE AFIRE!



IT WAS TOUGH AND GO FOR AWHILE-- THAT FIRE WAS OK FED AND PLENTY HOT!



THE SECOND BOMBER SAW US BURNING AND CAME DOWN TO FINISH US OFF...



WE CAN CONSIDER THIS ONE SUNK, EH, KARL?

EVERY GUN IN THE CONVOY CONCENTRATED ON THAT BABY...



THEY WENT RIGHT OVER THE SHIP, BURNING LIKE A TORCH AND OUT OF CONTROL...



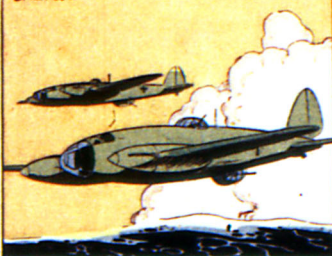
WE WERE GETTING THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL WHEN WE SAW MORE TROUBLE...



TORPEDO PLANES-- ATTACKING THE REAR OF THE CONVOY...



I'D SEEN THOSE NAZI PLANES BEFORE. HEINKEL-K'S, CARRYING TWO TORPEDOES EACH...



BUT THEY RAN INTO A TERRIFIC HAIL OF STEEL...



WOW-- WHAT A BEATING THEY'RE TAKIN'! THERE GO A COUPLE MORE!



WE'VE GOT TEN OF THEM BEFORE THEY PULLED OUT FOR HOME, BUT THEY MANAGED TO HIT A TANKER...



ONE TANKER LOST... AT THAT WE'RE PRETTY LUCKY!



FLIGHT SAVED US FROM ANY FURTHER ATTACKS...



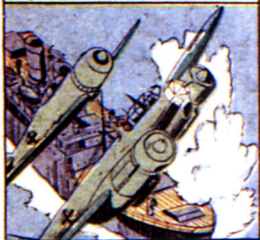
BUT DAWN FOUND THE NAZIS BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY...



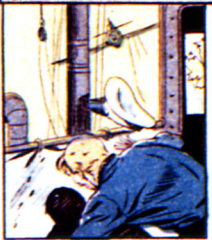
LOOKS LIKE JU-88 DIVE BOMBERS ESCORTED BY FOCKE WULF 190'S, CAPTAIN WALTERS?



THE GAVE IT TO US THRU MOST OF THE MORNING UNTIL WE WERE DIZZY FROM THE HOWL OF DIVING ENGINES AND THE FIRING OF GUNS...



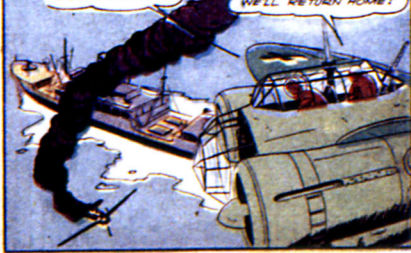
THE BLACK CASTLE'S GUNNERS GOT ONE... A FOCKE-WULF THAT TRIED TO STRAFE OUR BRIDGE...



WE MUST HAVE DRIVEN THOSE GERMANS CRAZY THE WAY WE WERE KNOCKING 'EM DOWN!



HANS... I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER... IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO DOWN THERE...



YAH... WE HAAF HIT MANY OF THEM... BUT NONE HAVE BEEN STOPPED OR SUNK... WE'LL RETURN HOME!

THE REST OF THE DAY WAS QUIET, BUT AT DUSK, A DESTROYER FOAMED PAST US UNDER FORCED DRAFT--HER ALARM SIREN WHOOPING.



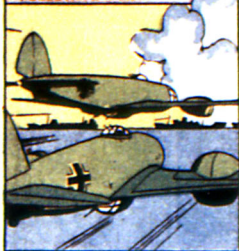
OH, GOSH --- ANOTHER SUB ATTACK?



THE DESTROYER DROPPED DEPTH BOMBS OFF TO PORT THEN BROKE OUT A SIGNAL FLAG--THEY'D SUNK A SUB ---



FIVE TORPEDO PLANES CAME IN LOW ABOUT NOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY....



THE CONVOY GUNS ARE IN A BAD WAY, CAREFUL--HALF OF THEM WERE BURNED OUT BY THE CONSTANT FIRING YESTERDAY!



DESPITE OUR WORN GUNS, HOWEVER, WE NAILED THREE NAZIS BEFORE THEY EVEN GOT CLOSE---



BUT ONE OF THE REMAINING PLANES TORPEDOED ONE OF THE CORVETTES, THEN BEAT IT FOR HOME--PROBABLY CLAIMING HE SANK A CRUISER...



WE SURE WERE RELIEVED WHEN THE CONVOY REACHED MURKHAMER--SO THERE'S THE TRUE STORY... WE LOST A CORVETTE, A FREIGHTER AND TANKER--HITLER, LOST TWO U-BOATS, POSSIBLY THREE AND AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE PLANES-- I WAS THERE-- I KNOW...



New DAISY Play Guns READY

**BANG BANG
BANG**

**- FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!**

*** HARMLESS!**

*** Military Gun Sling**

*** Fast Pump Action**

*** 3 Repeater**

*** "Bang!" Noise**

*** Genuine Daisy Quality
and Durability**

\$1¹⁹

Only Added
in Canada

Plus
Postage

DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that bulky stock to your

shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT TAT - A TAT
RAT TAT - A TAT
TAT - A TAT**

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Only Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go! "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89¢ plus 11¢ for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... say you'll buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commando and Chattermatic. Read from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood so machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of excitement and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 481 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



JOHNNY T. takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. They sweeten their labors with chewy **TOOTSIE ROLLS**. America's favorite candy.



LOOK AT ELSIE D. painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush and pops herself up with chocolatey **TOOTSIE ROLLS**. Tootsie's are swell for muscles... and brains too!



DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers. We say hurry for Donald! He says hurry for **TOOTSIE ROLLS**, his favorite candy. Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day.



JENNIE E. gives mother more time for work by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsie's go into this lunch boxes every day. They're energy food.



America's favorite chewy chocolate candy

EVER TASTE A TOOTSIE POP?

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one... All for a penny!

"BE STRONG-TO WIN!" SAYS UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls...

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!

